Some Peculiar Homes

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Whosoever has courage enough to push across the desert beyond the mushroom village of Greenwater, or Graveyard, as it is more generally called, will find the home of "Scotty," the erratic millionaire miner, near the foot of Funeral Range and close to the "Twenty-mule Team" trail, that leads into Death Valley. Scotty is a hospitable soul, and in the one-room shack he has cached a liberal supply of provisions, the shelves being ranged all about the room with their canned goods temptingly displayed. Still more prominently displayed is the notice: "Eat all you want, sleep all you want, loaf all you want, stay as long as you want, but don't take away anything you didn't bring; don't be a dirty dog." There is much hospitality behind the blunt invitation, and many a weary wanderer has been refreshed in this shack, whose owner is rarely visible, and whose nearest neighbors are rough plank and canvas affairs over in Skidoo, which is still another name for the village of Greenwater, with its 1,500 souls.

This is a typical home in the arid West, where every device has been used to secure a shelter and make some pathetic attempt at a home. Long before an enterprising Easterner, with some obliquity in the shaping of his brain, set up a sawmill in a lonely part of treeless Kansas, the squatters there had already solved the problem of house-building. They secured a few poles for supports, sometimes from a near-by river bank, but more often from some dealer farther away, and then, cutting sod from the great prairie all around, laid the squares brick fashion until walls were made. The roof was made of like material, and when the primitive dwelling was set close in the side of the hill, flowers often grew over the roof and walls, and other boomers have driven across the dug-out overhead, never dreaming they were near civilization until some irate householder appeared, gun in hand, to warn them off.

On an old Western trail leading from Meade to Beaver is a deserted village that had only sod houses in it. The ruins of the hotel show that it once stood one and one-fourth stories high, and measured twenty by forty feet. The half-way house on the road from Vernon to Mangum, Tex., was, only so late as twenty years ago, a flourishing institution whose guests were entertained behind sod walls that guarded the front of an unmistakable dugout. The sleeping accommodations consisted of six beds in two rows on the back wall, and the race for these went to the swift and the strong. Dodge City, Tex., for a long while boasted many odd houses of sod or canvas or cheap wood, harboring queer types of humanity and offering a checkered career to its citizens, who too often went into eternal sod homes in Boot Hill Cemetery—so-called because its inmates had nearly all died "with their boots on."

There are three unique homes still standing in the Northwest that prove the ingenuity of the pioneer. One of these is built of beer barrels, standing on end in rows, and has a roof thatched with straw. Another is of empty bottles, laid flat one on the other, with a daubing of clay between, while the third is the same material of which Mrs. Wiggs made her roof in happy Cabbage Patch days. It is of tin cans that have been spread flat after the solder was melted, and painstakingly tacked to uprights. Blankets for doors and petticoats for window sashes revolutionized architecture to a certain extent when these houses were made, but they served the purpose, and no odds were asked. Chinese citizens of boom towns in the West have once or twice gone their white neighbors one better in ingenuity, and more than one "first-class laundry" has been found running successfully in a shack built of tin cans which were left intact as when collected from some friendly ash heap, except that each was filled with dirt, and clay was spread between as they were laid in rows sideways on each other.

Burrowing in the ground is not a new idea anywhere in home-making, as one may also see from Madame Waddington's reminiscences of her life in France, when she speaks of the beggars there. For years a negro lived almost in sight of Baltimore in a hole he had dug in the ground, the smoke getting out as best it could when he pulled his trap door over him and set about cooking. The air would have killed a less hardy being. He was finally persuaded to move. On the Santa Cruz Islands, off the coast of Santa Barbara, another digger in the earth has lived for seventeen years. This one is a white man, who tired of civilization, and, utilizing a half excavated depression in a cliff, boxed up the front and made a really home-like place. His natural roof is directly under a public roadway, though few who drive over know it.

Freight cars have developed marvelous possibilities when the homeseeker has been hard pressed. An employe of the Union Pacific lived in one for twelve years, being carried from place to place as his work demanded. When the great Lucin cut-off was being built and thousands of workmen and their families were hurried out to the arid regions around Great Salt Lake to accomplish the task of making stones lie in the bucant water and support the piling, homes were a necessity. The railway company promptly met the need with trains of box cars, which housed the families and soon looked home-like, with curtains at the windows and flower pots at the door. Construction gangs on railways have lived in them for many years, and more than one small railway terminus boasts its switchman's house of unmistakable box-car origin. Freight cars have many times done duty as railway stations in embryo towns of the West, and across from such a station in a North Dakota town stood a flourishing bank built of tarred paper and occupying an extensive space of ground, fifteen feet square.

There are potentates who may live in private cars that are rolling palaces, if they like, but only one negro couple has gone on record as having had a private Pullman for nearly a year. This was in the early days of Pullmans, and the couple was the porter and his wife, who had attached the car for the porter's wages and refused to be put off. The car was shunted off on a side track down in Florida, but the couple remained there in calm serenity until matters were eventually adjusted to their satisfaction. Street cars have often stood the test of transformation from a public chariot to a child's playhouse, a shoe-shine parlor, or a convenient quick lunch stand when horse power had given way to electricity and such conveyances were back numbers. It remained, however, for a Virginia negro to use one for a kitchen. He has a home near the battlefield of Port Republic, and the casual visitor to the field is suddenly startled on rounding the house to see a car firmly anchored to the back of the cabin, with the smoke of domestic fires rising from a flue set rakishly in the top.

Aboriginal American Indians had the first apartment houses, the homes of the Pueblos, perched high on the shelf of some canyon, anticipating New York's towering tenements, and the "Long House" of the Iroquois antedating Hell-con Hall and other communal houses of to-day. New York's first model tenement was built at Mott and Elizabeth streets, in 1855, and housed hundreds of families. It later became a resort for thieves, and better and more healthful apartment houses were built up, until near Riverside drive one finds the largest apartment house in the world. In contrast to this is the smallest frame house in the world, a piano box, in which lives "the hermit of St. Louis County." This box is set in the bushes on the road between Clayton and Brentwood, Mo., and with a small stove just outside the box, and his shot gun to keep him in game, old Franz Mendol leads a care-free life. Once or twice slumming parties with the best intentions have been to see him, and once he was taken to a charitable institution in the hope of teaching him to mend his ways, but the call of the wild was strong, and the old piano box too inviting, and he went back to his own again.

Tree dwellers helped make history in prehistoric times, and with the national tendency to turn to outdoor life many country dwellers have built summer houses in the forks of some giant tree, Miss Helen Gould's being possibly the most notable of these. In her leafy study Miss Gould spends much time when at her country home, reading and dictating to her secretaries. A giant cedar stump in Washington has been transformed into a tiny, hospitable dwelling. A house in Oregon, less primitive than this one, was made by its owner all of one trees. An average fir was cut into lumber, and from this he built a one-story cottage, forty feet square, a fence and a walk, and had plenty left to supply firewood for a year. Tule, or basket fiber, is a common building material of Indians living in the village of Pochanga, less than 100 miles from Los Angeles. Light and airy structures, bee-hive in shape, they occupy the bed of an old inland sea. There is Mexican blood in these Indians, as is evidenced by their adding adobe to the tule in making some of the huts.

Kipling, with an Englishman's reverence for ancestral halls, once in derision declared that America was only a nation of campers-out. California and Arizona, with their colonies of tent houses, their innumerable camps under the stars, and the tendency to lead all the rest of the country in a crusade against too much indoor life, are helping to prove the truth of the statement with a vigor that removes the sting that Kipling intended. These only help to further vary the architecture of houses that Americans live in and give a novel page or two to the nation's home-building records. American architects are said to lead the world in the knowledge of proper heating, lighting, and sanitation in buildings, and with physicians to urge a fresh air gospel along with this, we may later be healthy and wise, as well as wealthy.

To-morrow—About Notable Americans.

AT LOCAL PLAYHOUSES

The National—"The Christian Pilgrim."

A most beautiful play, acted with great skill, and representing the best tendencies of the American stage at its highest estate, is "The Christian Pilgrim," which was presented at the National last night before an audience of goodly size, and of an enthusiasm which demanded curtain call after curtain call at the close of each act. It is long since any production or any actress has been accorded such a hearty and spontaneous ovation as was given to Miss Henrietta Crosman and "The Christian Pilgrim" last night. If the Washington verdict, given so freely last night, may be taken as a criterion, then Mr. Campbell's beautiful and ornate production is in for a great big success.

The play is difficult to classify. It is beyond—one is almost tempted to say above—the rules that govern the construction of the regular drama. On the bill it is called "a music play," but this falls far short as a term of explanation. It is a mixture of the old Elizabethan morality, of grand opera, and of tense, moving drama that appeals to the best and cleanest emotions and the loftiest aspirations of which the human heart is capable. It is a play whose appeal comes from many sources. Its gorgeous stage pictures are a delight to the eye; its costumes are strikingly beautiful and appropriate; the incidental music, supplied by William Furst, and to interpret which the usual orchestra has been greatly augmented, offers a wonderful poetical appeal; and above all, Bunyan's most wonderful allegory, adapted for the uses of the modern stage with great skill and fine feeling, and back of it all, the moving drama of the battle of right against wrong, the drama in which all who see this play have taken actual part, so that the struggles, the hopes, the fear, the delights, the striving toward the right are part and parcel of the lives of all who see it.

Who is there in this Christian land to whom, as a child, Bunyan's beautiful story of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was not made familiar? As it was in the old books, with the ancient prints, which abated not one jot of the hell-fire, nor sought to make the devil aught but a monster of hideous mien, how many thousands of children have shuddered over the perils that beset Christian on his painful journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City? But Bunyan was an austere man, and if he had great beauties in his soul, he had small grace of language; or, perhaps, he did not care to make his allegory too attractive.

Here, in this fine adaptation made by Mr. James MacArthur, we have all the essentials of Bunyan's story; but now how wonderfully changed! Here, indeed, there are hideous devils and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and Castle Dangerous, and the Valley of Tophet; all these are terrible enough, but ever and always back of these things the message of hope is held out, and there is strong dramatic action in the steady, insistent, and hopeful march of Christian toward the goal—the goal toward which all of us, at least in our better moments, find our faces turned.

In the matter of production, nothing has been left undone that might have been done to lend strength and beauty to this allegory. The regular drop-curtain of the theater is replaced by a special curtain symbolic of the great choice. On one side the angel of light, pointing the way to heaven; on the other Beelzebub, overlooking the kingdom of pleasure, the land of wine, women, and song. The picture is an allegory in itself, and fits the mind of the audience for the pictures and the story on which it is to rise. But before the curtain rises it parts in the center and out steps Evangelist, well played by Mr. Roger, who speaks this prologue:

Wouldst thou divert thyself from melancholy?
Wouldst thou be pleasant, yet be far from folly?
Wouldst thou read life's riddle or wouldst thou see
A man in clouds, and hear him speak to thee?
Wouldst thou be in a dream, and yet not sleep?
Or wouldst thou in a moment laugh and weep?
Art thou for something rare and profitable?
Wouldst thou see the truth within a fable?
Then, prithee, tarry here awhile. Come hither
And lay these scenes, thy head and heart together.
Here you will see set forth before thine eyes
The man who seeks the everlasting prize;
'Twill show you whence he comes, where he doth go
In trembling hope and fear, in joy and woe;
'Twill also show you how the pilgrim runs,
Till he unto the gates of glory comes.
And now, behold how all the powers of hell
Cannot against a righteous man prevail.

The curtain, rising, shows the plain outside the City of Destruction, with Graceless fleeing from the wickedness that has surrounded him. He falls asleep on a rock and has a dream, and behold, the scene changes, and the audience sees the Valley of Tophet in all its hideousness, the souls writhing in pain, and Beelzebub triumphant, declaring that he will strive for the soul of Graceless. In the next scene the people come from the City of Destruction to bid Graceless return, but he breaks away from them, on the advice of Evangelist, and makes his way toward the cross that shines on the hills so far away. The last scene of this act shows the wicket-gate over which is written, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," and although Mr. Worldly Wiseman seeks to dissuade Graceless, Faith urges him on; he enters the gate at the foot of the cross, and the burden of his past sins, so heavy a burden for him to carry through life, falls away.

In the second act, Graceless has been stripped of his rags and clothed in beautiful white raiment. He has been taken to the House Beautiful, and here he meets Piety and Charity and Prudence, who feed him and arm him with the helmet of righteousness, the shield of faith, and the sword of salvation, and send him on his way, Faith leading him, toward the Celestial City. The second scene shows the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and here Beelzebub, now armed as Apollyon, tries to stay him. In the valley they fight, but Christian overcomes the evil, and the morning dawns and he is saved.

The third act shows Vanity Fair, and here Christian comes with Christiana, who is accompanying him for love. The maiden is accused of dreadful crimes and is tried before the judge, Lord Hategood, which is but another guise of Beelzebub. She is sentenced to torture, but Christian is told that she shall be spared if he will only turn aside. Once more, though sorely tempted, Christian heeds the call of faith and goes triumphant on his way. Then comes the fourth act, during which Christian and Hopeful, who has now joined him, are captured by Giant Despair, again Beelzebub, and locked in Doubting Castle. Here despair almost overcomes Christian, but with the key of hope the doors are opened and they escape, only to fall asleep in the Enchanted Ground where lives the Wanton who drags men's souls to perdition. In this most beautiful scene, the temptations that assail Christian are lascivious ones, but these, too, he resists and goes wearily on his way.

In the last act Christian and Hopeful have come to the banks of the River of Death. Hopeful goes on alone, but Faith comes and promises to stay with Christian until he reaches the other side. In fear and trembling they start to cross the river. The scene changes, and there, dimly seen, but most beautifully conceived, is the Celestial City. Angels are singing about the throne, and as they sing Christian, Faith, and Hopeful enter, and as the great light shines they kneel in adoration.

Anybody who goes to "The Christian Pilgrim" seeking only to be amused will be disappointed. The play is not for that. It is a play to appeal to the heart, to the intellect, to the best that is in men and women. It presents—as straitly, but much more beautifully, of course—the same lessons that that revived Morality "Everyman" presented, but here the lesson is emphasized with fine acting, marvelous light effects, and scenery such as has seldom graced any production on the American stage.

Miss Henrietta Crosman as Christian has a part which shows that the promise of greater things which we were led to expect from her fine work heretofore was not a false one. She has by far the greater part of this play to carry on her shoulders, and does it all amazingly well. Her voice is beautifully sympathetic and touching, and a part which might grow monotonous in other hands, in hers takes on each moment new delights.

Miss Crosman is admirably supported. Mr. Tyrone Power, as the Devil, in his various guises was markedly strong. His make-ups in each act were finely artistic, and he lent the part a power and force which added much to the beauty and the interpretation of the allegory. Very clever, too, was the work of Mr. Sullivan in two small parts—as Vain-Glorious in the first act, and especially as Atheist in the fourth act, where his resonant voice and contemptuous laugh won him a round of applause. A nice piece of acting was the Christiana of Miss Outtrim, and the Faith of Miss Adelman was exquisite.

In short, all that good players, wonderfully ingenious light effects, good scenery, and excellent management can do for a play, this play has received. It makes, therefore, an excellent presentation of Bunyan's story, a story which the unthinking may deem gloomy and sad, but which, if it means anything, means a calling toward the larger hope, the great faith, the most sublime hope that can touch the soul. HECTOR FULLER.

The Columbia—"The Tattooed Man."

"Are we downhearted. No," was the refrain of Frank Daniels at the Columbia Theater last night, and if any one could remain in the aforesaid sorrowful condition after a few instalments of "The Tattooed Man," he must have been previously oppressed with an unliftable weight of woe.

Of course, the chief force engaged in this wholesale dumping of loads of care is Mr. Daniels, in one of his accustomed grotesque and impossible personations, this time electing to be billed as a lineal descendant of that remarkable Persian, Omar Khayyam, dispensing both philosophy and humor of a character somewhat different from that which Fitzgerald brought forth from the manuscript of the original. His best song is the "Tattooed Man," with a great string of foolishness, ending with the refrain, "It's perfectly true, you can beat the Tattoo, but you can't beat the Tattooed Man." He worked in a number of new jokes and amusing paraphrases, notably, "Uneasy lies the tooth that wears a crown."

There are some who perhaps belittle Mr. Daniels' standing as a comedian, but there is one thing which they cannot rationally dispute. He is preeminently the leading clown of the modern stage, and as the clown is a perfectly legitimate element of comedy, we see no force in such argument, when the performer produces wholesome amusement, no matter by what methods; and this Mr. Daniels certainly does. His antics and discourses being continually sufficient to elevate the spirits from any depths of despondency.

The vehicle is much like most of his previous productions. The scene is laid in the Orient, and hence plenty of color is obtainable. The plot is not deep or intricate enough to cause any mental worry. In the comedy, Grace Bonville, as Hashish, George Carry, as Muley, and Gilbert Clayton, as Ali, take a leading part, when Mr. Daniels is off the stage; and the music was dispensed principally by William Danforth, as Abdallah, and Miss Julia Brewer, as Leila. The former displayed a barytone organ of vibrant quality, particularly in a rousing Bedouin song; and Miss Brewer was very effective in several numbers of a sentimental type.

Next to the principal, the most effective comedy effects were produced by Louise Sylvester, as Latima, a love-lorn maiden of exceptionally grotesque and eccentric characteristics. She appeals principally by outlandish costume effects, and eccentricities of manner, while she scored mightily in her topical verses under the caption, "Nobody Loves Me." Mr. Harvey Clarke also contributed some clever work in a song with imitations.

The music of the piece is lively and reminiscent, and is rendered with spirit by the company, while the varied color effects produced by the bright costuming and scenic accessories are pleasing to the eye.

A large audience was present, and the whole performance was received with a degree of relish. Mr. Daniels was called to the front, and he indulged in one of his remarkable discourses, which are always in keeping with his humorous proclivities, with nothing tangible, perhaps, but always irresistibly funny.

The Belasco—"Brown of Harvard."

The return of that refreshing play of college life "Brown of Harvard," by Rida Johnson Young, was signalized by the celebration of "college night" at the Belasco Theater last night. It is not often that a play in its second season draws a crowded house on a stormy evening, but Mrs. Young's play succeeded in doing this. Of Henry Woodruff it may be said that there is no other actor upon our stage who could have so admirably fitted the role of Tom Brown. Mr. Woodruff has been the jeune premiere of many important productions, and fairly earned his spurs as a full-fledge star, as the expression goes, but he has always been the same golden haired youngster, playing the lovable, forgivable, happy-go-lucky sort of characters that are for the most part thoroughly natural. His work as Brown is clear-cut, manly, and full of the spirit of the play. Many absurdities, perhaps trivialities of the play are saved by the intelligent acting of Mr. Woodruff.

The company presents a few changes from last year. Probably Eugene O'Brien is, next to Woodruff, the most picturesque collegian of the bunch, with William Rosell and Louis Haines—"Happy" and "Tubby" respectively—running well with the leaders. Franklin Jones is a good Cartwright, but the actions of the character are a little too benevolent to smack very closely of realism. The Gerald Thorne of Frederick Forrester presented angles of sympathy, but for the most part is enveloped in tragic gloom. The Colton of J. C. King was not very convincing, while Gordon Johnstone, as Kenyon, made the most of a thankless role. Robert Gill was very good indeed as the coach of the X 'varsity crew. The feminine part of the cast has little to do but furnish background and figure in the serious side of the story. Bernice Golden was an excellent Marian Thorne, and Helena Byrne, Ethel Martin, and Frances Young were adequately cast.

A pleasant feature of "Brown of Harvard" is the singing of college songs by the students in the second act. Many familiar numbers were generously applauded, including "When Love Is Young," a composition by Melville Ellis and Mrs. Young, written expressly for the play.

Chase's—Vaudeville.

The show at Chase's this week is delightful. Edwin Stevens and Tina Marshall in "An Evening with Dickens," are charming. Their portrayal of Dick Swiviler and the Marchioness from the "Old Curiosity Shop," are really fine, as in Mr. Steven's "Uriah Heep," from David Copperfield. Master Gabriel, as Buster Brown," and George Ali, as his dog "Spike," in Al Lamar's playlet, Auntie's Visit," are good. However, Buster and Spike seem to have a great deal of fun, and are highly entertaining. Dorch and Russell, as "The Musical Railroaders," have been seen here before, and have nothing in particular new to offer. Mr. Dorsch is a good musician, and plays well on the piccolo. Montgomery and Moore started the ball a rolling, and deserve a better place on the bill. Miss Moore endeavored to sing "Jinny," after Eddie Leonard's style, which left rather a bad taste in the mouth inasmuch as Leonard appeared here only two weeks ago. Arthur Whitelaw's humor was not remarkable. He told some ancient stories and sang a song or two. Sabry D'Orsall, in the garb of a Scotch lassie, rendered some of the old songs. Here "Annie Laurie" made a hit. Martinetti and Sylvester fell over a bunch of chairs, and succeeded in breaking several of them. Rather funny, this act. "Liquid Electricity," by the vitagraph closed the bill.

The Majestic—"Carmen."

Consistent with its established policy of alternating the classic drama, with the lighter works of the stage, the Kathryn Purnell Stock Company appeared yesterday in Henry Hamilton's dramatic version of Prosper Merimee's "Carmen."

"Carmen," as a play, is known to the stage chiefly through the efforts of Olga Nethersole. Miss Purnell, who was the heroine yesterday, makes an interesting study of the part. Her aim apparently is to escape not an iota of the viciousness of the character, and yet present herself in the least unfavorable light as an actress. In attempting this Miss Purnell makes Carmen thoroughly revolting, as she misses completely the fierce elemental passions which by bold coloring make the character a literary possibility. Physically she is a satisfactory Carmen, but her acting shows the pitiful futility of trying to play a really great part in a necessarily limited time for preparation.

Franklyn Munnell, as Don Jose, was excellent, when he could recall his cues. He has earnestly tried to picture the mental agony of such a man as Jose. Stanley James, as Lieut. Sarceda, and Helen Hyle, as Dolores, violated no tradition of their respective parts.

The Academy—"Eight Bells."

Like a big, three-ring circus, which the children, big and little, never tire of seeing year in and year out, the Byrne Brothers, in that evergreen play, "Eight Bells," the pantomimic comedy melodrama, opened its annual engagement at the New Academy for one week last night. The production is full of mirth-provoking comedy scenes, and wonderful mechanical and electrical effects, including the famous revolving ship in mid-ocean. "The greatest laughing show on earth," as this production is billed, is a big one thoroughly amusing, and well done in every way, and greatly pleased a good house last night. The company is a large one, and includes a number of clever vaudeville, pantomime, and acrobatic artists of the first order.

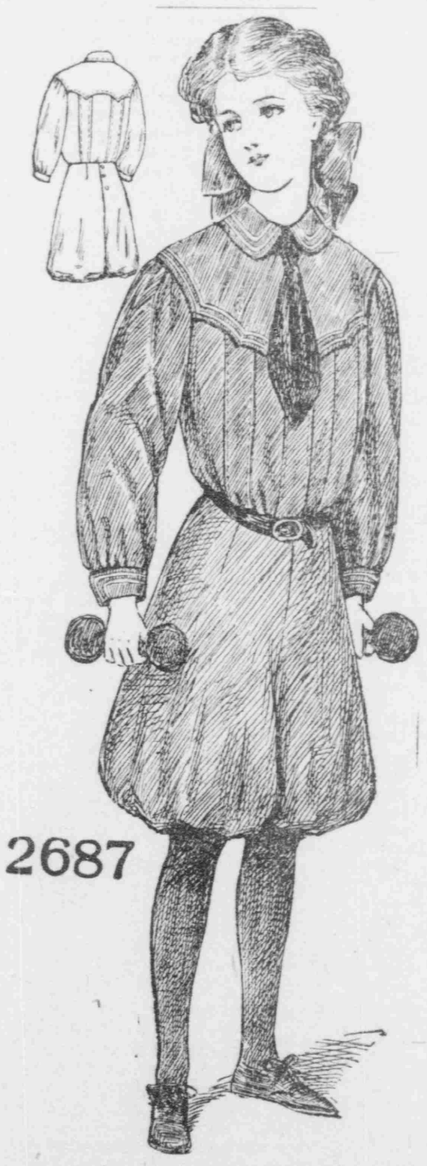
The Gayety.

The management of the Gayety has discovered the popular taste of Washtonians, if the crowd and the applause that greeted Sam Scribner's Big Show last night is a criterion. In the first act, a trip to the north pole is depicted in a realistic manner, and in the second, the pole itself is revealed. The climate is hot and fortunately the pole is not of ice and snow, or it would collapse. The theory of some scientists is that the polar axis is warm, and these should be flattered by having their theories presented on the stage. There is a great deal of clever dancing and some good singing. Falardo, the musical Hodges, Cotton and Darrow in a sketch, Curtin and Blossom, and Bower and Lind all received merited applause.

New Lyceum.

Sim Williams' Ideals hold the boards at the New Lyceum this week. The two farces were of the ordinary variety of slap stick comedy, but were, nevertheless, pleasing. "A Day at the Beach" and "The Isle of Mault" served to introduce the entire strength of the company. The olio included Perrin Somers and Tillie Storke in a one-act playlet, "Jackson's Honeymoon;" Murphy and Magee, in sidewalk conversation; Frye and Allen, in a travesty skit, and the Big Four, in a conglomeration of song, comedy, and dance.

FOR THE GIRL'S GYMNASIUM SUIT.



Nearly every modern girl attends a gymnasium, and with the popularity which this physical training enjoys in our system of education, a suit for the purpose is a necessity. Some mothers apparently consider that a suit of any kind will answer, no matter how plain or unbecoming; but after a girl has attended the classes for a while she realizes that one's appearance in the class is a matter of a good deal of importance. The suit illustrated consists of a blouse having box plaits in front and back, surmounted by a deep, shaped yoke, this development being most approved by the fashion of the moment. The bloomers are circular and very full about the knees. A pretty tie and sash may add greatly to the attractiveness of the suit. Serge, flannel, and homespun are the favored materials, 5½ yards, 54 inches wide, being needed for the medium size. Sizes 10, 12, 14, and 16 years.

A pattern of this may be obtained by inclosing 10 cents in stamps and addressing Pattern Department, The Washington Herald, 734 Fifteenth street northwest, giving number (2687) and size wanted.

PLACES OF INTEREST.

Library of Congress—Open 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. on secular days; from 2 p. m. to 10 p. m. on Sundays and on certain holidays.
Public Library—Open 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; holidays, 10 a. m. to 10 p. m.; Sundays, 2 to 10 p. m.
Executive Mansion—Open 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.
United States Capitol—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.
United States Treasury—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.
State, War and Navy Departments—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. (The original Declaration of Independence is in the Library of the State Department.)
United States Patent Office—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.
United States Pension Bureau—Open 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
United States Post-office—Open 9 a. m. to 2 p. m.
Washington City Post-office—Open all hours. (The Dead Letter Office is in the city post-office.)
National Botanic Gardens—Open 8 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Fish Commission—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.
Army Medical Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.
National Museum—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (including holidays).
Smithsonian Institution—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (including holidays).
Agricultural Department—Open 9 a. m. to 4:30 p. m.
Bureau of Engraving and Printing—Open 9 a. m. to 2:30 p. m.
Washington Monument (555½ feet in height)—Open 8:30 a. m. to 4:30 p. m. (Elevator runs from 9 a. m. until 4 p. m.)
Corcoran Gallery of Art—Open 9:30 a. m. to 4 p. m. in winter; 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. in summer. Sundays—1:30 p. m. to 5 p. m., excepting in midsummer. Admission free on Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays; other days, 25c admission.
Government Printing Office—Open 10 a. m. to 2 p. m.
Navy Yard—Open 9 a. m. to 5:30 p. m.
Southworth Cottage, 36th st. and Prospect ave.

IN THE SUBURBS.

Zoological Park—Open all day.
Rock Creek Bridge and Park,
Chevy Chase, Kensington, and Chesapeake Beach.
Naval Observatory—Open 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.
Mount Vernon, the home and tomb of Washington—Open 11 a. m. to 5 p. m.
Arlington National Cemetery—Open all day.
United States Soldiers' Home—Open 9 a. m. to sunset.
Cathedral Grounds, Tennallytown road—Open 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.
Cabin John Bridge, Catholic University, and Alexandria.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.